THE BLAZING-STAR,

OR, *NOLLS*

NOSE

Newly Revived, and taken out of his TOMB,

By Colonel BAKER.

Wherein is set down, the Acts of all those
In Pluto's *Black Court, that guarded* Nolls *Nose,*
As Harrison, Hewson, *and* Cook *that curst Pigg,*
With Cobbet, Vain, Scot *and Nurse* Hasserigg.
And next those Black Chaplains that preach'd up Nolls *Nose,*
Goodwin, Milton, *and* Peters *with close.*
Hells Counsel's agreed, and now do dispose
Of Nedham *to write for* Lucifers *Nose,*
He being a Vagrant that always did live ill,
Is thought a fit Member to write for the Devil.

LONDON, Printed for *Theodorus Microcosmus*, 1660.

THE

BLAZING-STAR,

NO.

NOLLS NOSE Revived

Reader,

GIve ear a while, and have with patience view
This old Cathedral Nose, which now's turnd new,
By searching, digging, delving of the ground
Though's Body's lost his Nose is newly found.
'Tis from his Grave again now come to light
Extinguisht there, but now it burns so bright
That every eye may glistring see afar,
In all appearance like a Blazing-Star;
By th' light of which Nose in the darkest Times
(Except you're stark-blind) you may read these Rimes.

LEwd *Oliver*, shew but thy Nose,
Thou needst not fear ten thousand foes,
Brave Cavaliers true Loyal friends,
Thy Nose hath brought them to their ends:
The *Yorkish* and *Lancastrian* Rose,
Are both usurp'd by thy vile Nose.
Thy Coper Nose and brazen Face,
Were fit conjoyn'd with *Joans* fat A——
I have no mind to come too nigh,
For fire and smoak from thence doth fly,
And such a stinke of Sulphur's there
Sure *Ætna* or *Vesuvio's* neer.
Thou hadst been blind, but for't a Charm
Thy Nose should do thy Eys no harm;
Troop not too near but be afeard
The sight of this will fire thy beard,
Jone hath a Hole and they call it Hell
More fit for thy Nose then *Whitehall* to dwell.
Old *Murreys* Nose once laid an Egg,
Of that thy ramping Nose was bred
His Nose did many Trumpet marr
His Nose it did sound bloud and war,
The Crocodale so full of guile,
Of such a thing was hatch'd ere while.
Thou needst no Standard but thy Nose,
For ev'ry one that Standard knowes;

More terrible it is ith field,
then *Arthurs* or *Rogero's* ſhield;
Thy Noſe doth ſtill for miſchief wagg,
tis like to *Tamerlanes* black Flagg;
Fatal to us, and to the Scot,
Tredah the ſame black *Omen* got:
Thank *Jove* it is amongſt the * *Bogs*,
ere long it will exalt thoſe *Fogs*,
And make them all firm land appear,
oh happy we that thou cam'ſt there!
So many Murders haſt done here,
two hundred thouſand pounds a year;
Then thou ſhalt have to keep thy Court,
for making of the Devil ſport.
If thy Noſe had been there, it would not have run
at *Hyſpaniola* away ſoon:
Then threeſcore Bul-killers could not have bragd
they'd killd fifteen hundred, except they'd been hagd:
Ill hap had we that thy Noſe was not there,
to have put the foul rogues in a vile *Panick* fear.
When Coachman thou waſt, to knave *Thurlo* thy Knight,
thy Noſe in the Coach-box the Horſes did fright;
Thou thruſts thy Noſe into every one's breech,
made me to ſcratch where it did not itch;
From thy vile Noſe I was forc'd to fly,
Like *Grantham-Steeple* it ſtands awry;
Gainſt any ones noſe that grows upright,
thy Bilbow-Noſe is ready to fight;
When thou rideſt in the Sun, thou needſt have a Caſe,
thy Noſe was made of a burning-Glaſſe:
Thy Noſe ſome fiery *Comet* ſhewes,
like *Nebuchadnezars* Furnace glowes;
And th' Ork thy Noſe devours more meat,
then *Bel* and *Dragon* ere did eat:
Thou wip'ſt it like Juſtinian Noſe,
and blood and murder ſtill it blowes:
Some *Incubus* thy Noſe begot,
a ſnout like a *Phinocerot*:
An Elephants Trunk it is as ſtrong,
tis full as big, and full as long.

* *Alluding to his being in Ireland at that time when this was made.*

Thy

Thy Nose it is a flashing Nose,
Where ere it comes it still gives blowes,
More Noses it hath made to bleed,
Then did th'old Rams and Tom fooles Head,
This Nose, hath more flat Noses made
Then Ladies of Pleasure with their Trade,
And this Nose now's in Fashion most,
We all do feel it to our Cost:
The Scarlet Nose is wondrous high,
The Purple Nose comes somewhat nigh:
The Levelling Nose doth lower lye,
But the snaffling Nose is quite put by:
That Nose was like a Mountaine Ridge,
That Nose is now but made a Bridg:
The Romane Nose but weak to this,
And the Toating Nose as faint I wis:
And all the Noses in the Song,
Must give way to the Nose moste Strong:
The Alcheroman Nose is Hugie great,
The Italian Nose is jealous yet:
The Swisses Nose is blunt and rough,
And the Spanish Nose is proud and snuff:
The French Nose is a tottie Nose,
The Scotch Nose false for their Kirk late Roase:
The Presbiters Nose is sharp and tart,
And the Jesuits Nose is quick and smart:
The Dutch Nose doth the Bottle bear,
And a running Nose the Irish wear:
The Polish Nose is brave and bold,
And the Russes Nose is oft acold:
The German Nose is big and strong,
And the Swedish Nose is strange and long:
And all the Noses in the song,
Must give way to the Nose moste Strong;
Thy Nose doth shine like Rubies red,
And richer then Saint *Denis* Head,
'Tis the Carbuncle that was left,
At Median to light *Mahomet*:

Thy

Thy Nose as great an Impostor was,
As many mischiefs brought to pass;
Thy Nose doth like *Belphegors* show,
To *Pluto's* Court ere long 't shal go;
And *Cerberus* 'twil make to run,
As *Aeroules* before had done,
And all black Guards 't will drive away,
If thou dost but thy Nose display:
If *Orpheus* but this had wist,
His *Euridice* he had not miss't;
He had not gone for's wife till now,
And thy brave Nose had brought them through:
The furies it would force to flie,
No *Nemesis* that dares come nie,
Until thou'rt call'd t'account for all,
Thy blood for Vengeance loud doth call.
Now wee'll petition the Rump for thee,
That thou their *Champion* there shalt be:
They need not ride the Ass so poor,
In Hell they shall have treasure store;
Though Church and Royal Lands cannot
(Excise, and by Delinquents got,
Both *Indies*, *France*, and *Spain* beside,)
Suffice their *Lucre*, *Lust*, and *Pride*:
Yet *Mammon* hath a mighty messe
Of wealth, will serve Saints more and lesse;
There's gold enough if they can win it,
Can, or cannot, the Devil's in it:
But stay, and win all *Scotland* first,
The Kirk Hobgoblins do their worst:
Then down old *Noll*, and leave us here,
And conquer those vast Regions there;
So thou shalt be a King ith close,
The Royal blood sticks on thy Nose;
And thou shalt reign in *Pluto's* Hall,
Thy Name shall be NOSE-GENERAL:
And after ages shall thee call,
The Devils great *NOSE-GENERAL*.
The land of Darkness this we may call,
When the Devils Nose did govern all.

A POSTSCRIPT, *On the second part of* NOLS *Nose, newly revived.*

NOls Nose, the Cobblin that made us afraid,
Those that conjur'd him up, would fain have him laid:
To cousin the Devil, he thought of a slight,
When he came for him and his Nose one night;
Noll gave him his *Bond* in a mighty great winde,
He took one up before, and the other behinde:
Saint *Denis* is gone, and we lost the great Nose,
Good land-marks for rebels & traitors are those:
And since in *Whitehall* great groans has been heard,
(Till His Majesty came) it made them afeard,
Noll wants his old Chaplains were fit for his
Goodwin, and *Milton*, and *Peters* ith close; (Nose,
And *Stirry* that saw him so high intercede,
At Heavens right hand for all Saints in their need.
His Messenger *Puin*, and Soliciter *Cook*,
For *Huson*, and *Hulet* ere long he doth look;
Hasilrigge, *Cobbet*, and *Harrison* too,
In great *Plutoes* Court they'll make much adoe:
Lilly shall be chief Astrologer chose,
And *Politicus* write for *Lucifers* Nose;
With his *bos in lingua*, young *Tarquin* to bring,
And *Hacker* that was so harsh to the King:
Two brave Royal Kings most grossly abus'd
By *Hocus*, and *Pocus*, ought not be excus'd:
For the rest of the Rogues, by Hook or by Crook,
All Traytors and Rebels, the Devil doth look;
King-killers, King-catchers, and all wicked Rabble.
The Parliament cleanse, that ugly foul Stable:
So Heaven protect, bless, prosper the King,
To him and his house, rich treasure still bring.
The Kirk may no more set's together by th' ears,
In peace live without all jealousies and fears,
Pretence of Religeon, make no one to rise,
To set up such fellows, the land's grown more wise;
We have payd fort (I think) or else we're mista'en,
And many a brave man hath here got his bane;

**Dennis Bond a very Rogue, and* Nols *great Favourite, was used to call him his* Bond. *He died the windy day before* Noll.

When

When he rises again, his Nose will be red,
And many years after heel walk when he's dead:
Nols Ambition is layd, but yet his vile Nose
Walks up and down still, in Verse, and in Prose.

You great Ones, have care how your Noses do rise,
Gainst your Kings any more, Nols Nose doth advise:
Take this admonition, or else you're to blame,
The Rams-head and Goat do counsel the same;
Gave better advise then themselves would take,
For their souls, fames, friends, reputations sake;
But now they repent when it is too late,
Shun *Envy*, *Ambition*, *Pride*, *Pieces*, and *Hate*,
Rebellion, and *Treason* (pretend what they will)
In obedience, good subjects will keep themselves still.
All these hovid crimes, and more they have done,
Ore the world have scandall'd the whole Nation:
Then lets do our best still, our Credites regain,
Few Rebels or Traitors are heard of in Spain:
To their Kings they bear such loyalty great,
Th' English (tis hop'd) will transcend them yet:
For we are descended from people mere brave,
The rest from the Jew, the Moor, and the Knave:
Tis a shame that the Turk, the Moor, and the Knave,
Should be to their Kings more Loyal and brave;
But the matter's now mended (for ever) we hope,
All rebels and traytors I wish them a Rope,
No Cadmean brethren contend for a tomb,
Nor *Esau* and *Jacob* here strive in the womb:
Our civil Wars cease, and never no more
The Kirk and the Scot break through the back-door:
Nor *Mazarine* no more have his finger ith Pye,
Th' *Anabaptist* and *Brownist* both let them go by:
No *Phares* or *Pharisee* make a new breach,
Instead of Religeon Rebellion up preach:
Th'are false Religeons brought in by the Sword,
The Gospel of truth is taught by the Word:
That Blood-hound old Noll, and his Nose quite trod down,
The Royal House flourish, and King *Charles* his CROWN.

FINIS.